Clowne. That is done to sir, onely couer is the word.
Loren. Will you couer than sir?
Clowne. Not so sir neither, I know my duty.
Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shewe the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant; I pray thee vnderstand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, serue in the meate, and we will come in to dinner.
Clowne. For the table sir, it shall be seru'd in, for the meate sir, it shall be couerd, for your comming in to dinner sir, why let it be as humors and conceites shall gouerne. *Exit Clowne.*
Loren. O deare discretion, how his words are suted,
The foole hath planted in his memorie
an Armie of good words, and I doe know
a many fooles that stand in better place,
garnisht like him, that for a tricksie word
defie the matter: how cherst thou *Iessica*,
And now good sweet say thy opinion,
How doost thou like the Lord *Bassanios* wife?
Iessi. Past all expressing, it is very meete
the Lord *Bassanio* liue an vpright life,
For hauing such a blessing in his Lady,
he findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,
And if on earth he doe not meane it, it
in reason he should neuer come to heauen?
Why, if two Gods should play some heauenly match,
and on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one: there must be something else
paund with the other; for the poore rude world
hath not her fellow.
Loren. Euen such a husband
hast thou of me, as she is for wife.
Iessi. Nay, but aske my opinion so of that?
Loren. I will anone, first let vs goe to dinner?
Iessi. Nay, let me praise you while I haue a stomack?
Loren. No pray thee, let it serue for table talke,
Then how so mere thou speakst mong other things,
I shall disgest it?

Iessi. Well, ile set you forth. *Exit.*
Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Bassanio, and Gratiano.
Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere?
Antho. Ready, so please your grace?
Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answere
a stonie aduersarie, an inhumaine wretch,
vncapable of pitty, voyd, and empty
from any dram of mercie.
Antho. I haue heard
your grace hath tane great paines to quallifie
his rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawfull meanes can carry me
out of his enuies reach, I doe oppose,
my patience to his furie, and am armd
to suffer with a quietnes of spirit,
the very tiranny and rage of his.
Duke. Goe one and call the Iew into the Court.
Salerio. He is ready at the dore, he comes my Lord.
Enter Shylocke.
Duke. Make roome, and let him stand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinks, and I thinke so to,
that thou but leadest this fashion of thy mallice
to the last houre of act, and then tis thought
thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,
than is thy strange apparant cruelty;
and where thou now exacts the penalty,
(vvhich is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,)
thou wilt not onely loose the forfaiture,
but toucht with humaine gentlenes and loue:
Forgiue a moytie of the principall,
glauncing an eye of pitty on his losses
that haue of late so hudled on his backe,
Enow to presse a royall Merchant downe;
And pluck commiseration of this states
from brassie bosomes, and rough harts of flints,
from stubborne Turkes, and Tartars neuer traind